

The Tragedie of Hamlet
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important act'ing of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasse how i't with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie:
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Not did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. Why looke you there
My father in his habit as he liued
Looke where he goes, euen now

Ger. This is the very coynage
This bodilesse creation, extacy is

Ham. My pulse as yours doth
And makes as healthfull musick
That I haue vttered, bring me to
And the matter will reword, wh
Would gambole from. Mother f
Lay not that flattering vnction
That not your trespass but my
It will but skin and filme the v
Whiles rancke corruption mini
Infects vnseene: confesse your s
Repent what's past, auoyd what
And doe not spread the compo
To make them rancker, forgie
For in the fatnesse of these pur
Vertue it selfe of vice must pard
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to

Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou hast el

Ham. O throw away the wo
And leaue the purer with the o
Good night, but goe not to my V
Assume a vertue if you haue it ne
That monster custome, who all s
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in
That to the vse of actions faire a
He likewise giues a frocke or Li
That aptly is put on to refraine
And that shall lend a kind of eas
To the next abstinence, the next
For vse almost can change the st
And Maister the diuell, or throw
With wonderous potency: onc
And when you are desirous to be
He blessing beg of you, for this s
I doe repent; but heauen hath p